

## 'IRON HAND' NIPPED IN THE VERY TRAP EXTORTIONERS SET

Old Cronies of Bronx Physicians, Doctors Themselves,  
Threatened to Kidnap Son.

THEY GOT MARKED BILLS

Police Rush In Just as Dr. Pittaro-Hands Them \$200 and  
Check for \$1,500.

"Let me shake your iron hand."  
Such was the mystic password which was to have been breathed in the ear of Dr. Vito Pittaro at a midnight rendezvous to be the signal for the doctor to pass over \$5,000, the price of his little son's life and liberty.

Last night the iron hand clutched for money in the doctor's own office at No. 180 Morris avenue, the Bronx, and it was the hand of a dear friend. To-day the details of a kidnapping conspiracy, the like of which has not been heard of in the police records of many years, stand revealed.

Dr. Pittaro is counted a millionaire among the Italians of the Bronx and Harlem; wide is the reputation he has established for himself for charity and the doing of good works for the benefit of his countrymen. Besides his practice as a physician he maintains a large drug store beneath the apartments in which he lives on Morris avenue. His son, Armando, an only child, holds in his hand all of the father's heartstrings.

On Oct. 2 a letter came to Dr. Pittaro.

"On the penalty of having your son kidnapped, bring \$1,000 to Two Hundred and Forty-second street and Broadway at 11:30 P. M. on Oct. 4. When the man shall approach you and say, 'Let me shake your iron hand,' pay him the money and depart quickly and without questioning. THE IRON HAND."

TERRIFIED BY THE LETTER, HE TELLS THE POLICE.

The father of little Armando was terrified. He called in his bowman friend, Dr. Giuseppe Gastare, who lives at No. 333 Prospect avenue, and told him with trembling lips of the letter.

"Why, I've got one, too," said his friend with heartiness. "Don't tell the police about it and I think we can get these blackmailers."

But Dr. Pittaro's fears were too poignant. He went to the Morrisania station and told Capt. Price, head of the detectives there, about the letter. He was advised to keep the appointment made in the letter. He did so. There were detectives all about as thick as peanut shells on Surf avenue, but nobody came up and asked to shake the doctor's iron hand.

The very next day Dr. Gastare visited Dr. Pittaro's office and asked if he had received any more letters.

"I won't get any more," said Gastare, slapping his friend on the back. "I fixed it up for you, though they wanted \$5,000 from me. I think I can let you off for \$1,000."

ACCUSES FRIEND OF PART IN BLACKMAILING PLOT.

Thereupon Dr. Pittaro gave his friend \$70. The very next day came another letter from the "Iron Hand," demanding \$5,000 instantly and warning against telling the "pigs of police" anything more. That same day Dr. Nicola Brunori, another close friend of Pittaro's, whose office is at No. 685 Morris avenue, dropped into Pittaro's store.

"I hear you got another letter to-day," he said. When Pittaro asked him how that knowledge had come to him, since he himself had told no man, Brunori laughed.

"Come now, Vito," he said, soothingly. "I owe you \$200. Call that debt square and everything will be all right."

Pittaro charged his friend directly with having a hand in the blackmailing plot and the latter merely shrugged his shoulders. Still Pittaro did nothing. He did not dare to leave the house; he slept with his little son and a loaded revolver within reach. Before two days had passed he learned facts that made him believe that Dr. Giulio Cavazzi, a veterinary surgeon whom he had been a friend of when he came from Italy to this country without funds and who shared his office, was the third in the extortion plot.

THROW OFF MASK AND MAKE OPEN DEMAND.

Last Wednesday the three doctors, all former boon companions of Pittaro, visited him and, throwing off all masks, made their declaration flatly.

"Come now, we'll drop our demand to \$100, but we must have that quickly," Dr. Pittaro had prepared some bills with secret markings in anticipation of this move. He offered his erstwhile cronies two \$500 bills and four \$100 bills.

"We won't take the \$500 bills," declared Brunori. They're too big; we can't change them without getting caught."

Pittaro then made an engagement for 11:00 o'clock on the following night. He said he would have the bills in suitable denominations. Then he called up Dr. Vito Villmens, interpreter in the Supreme Court, and without telling him why he was wanted, asked him to call upon him at his office that night. Villmens did so.

Dr. Gastare was so eager he arrived at 7 o'clock. The others were all there before 11 o'clock. Capt. Price and six detectives were in the cellar awaiting the signal to rush upstairs.

Gastare, the spokesman for the blackmailers, said that they had "raised the game" to \$1,700 and they must have it that night. Pittaro, who was trembling with fear, denied that he had that

DOCTOR AND YOUNG SON  
WHO WERE MENACED  
BY "IRON HAND" LEAGUE.



DR. VITO PITTARO



ARMANDO PITTARO

much money in the house, but he would give them \$200 and a check for \$1,500. His hand shook so that Villmens had to make out the check for him, leaving only the space for the doctor's signature.

One of the conspirators hurried over to an Italian bank, which usually remains open until midnight, to see if the check could be cashed immediately. He returned to say that the bank was closed. Then the three friends pocketed the bills and the check they said they would leave with Pittaro until the bank opened in the morning.

Pittaro stamped on the floor thrice. There was a noise of rumbling feet, the faces of the three doctors blanched and one of them started for a window. Then he burst Capt. Price and his men with drawn revolvers. The \$200 in marked bills they found in Dr. Gastare's pocket. The three conspirators were looked up over night and to-day they appeared before Magistrate French in the Morrisania Court to face the charge of extortion.

## Campaign Sidelights

Vice-Chairman McAdoo of the Democratic National Committee made a hurried trip to Wilmington last evening to join Gov. Wilson and confer with him regarding the remainder of the campaign. The Governor will return to New York to-morrow and will be the principal speaker at the meeting of the German-Americans in Carnegie Hall in the evening. This will end his speech-making tour until the night of the big Wilson meeting in Madison Square Garden. It is expected the meeting at Carnegie Hall will be the largest yet held during the campaign.

All day up to 10 o'clock to-night you may register the booths opened at 7 o'clock this morning and a better start was made than on last Friday. Every effort is being made to repair the "stump" of the first two days' registration. To-morrow will be the last chance to register and if you don't register you can't vote.

Among those present, not down on the bill at the meeting of the Republican Club in Carnegie Hall last night was Bill Barnes, the Boss of the old Madison. Mr. Barnes was a quiet speaker of the orderly proceedings. He looked and where were the days of yore? The good old days of the red fire and "whoop 'em up." He entered the hall while Mr. Hodges, the unopposed candidate for Governor, was speaking. Mr. Barnes did not attempt to interrupt the speaker. He looked at the crowd and was lost in the gloom. Mr. Barnes did not name the candidate for Governor at Saratoga. He looked as if he might name the Governor now. He was sure his name began with an "S." The hour remained in the hall about ten minutes and then disappeared.

John McGrath of the Carnegie Hall management had a new billet. It was John McGrath who ably assisted Maud Malone out of the hall when she interrupted Gov. Johnson in his speech. John is round and broad. When he gets a grip on anything it has to come. He will be on the job to-morrow night to see that the Wilson meeting is not no favorite. He will be there in a new suit of policeman's clothes, a suit of peevish gray, and will be armed with all the authority that goes with the uniform. If the spirit of interruption should overcome you and you see the McGrath finger beckoning, go right along. The night is over for you. If Maud should show up it will be a case of "Come out of the garden, Maud." Mr. McGrath knows his Maud and Maud knows Mr. McGrath. They understand each other.

President Taft is scheduled for New York on Saturday night, November 2. This will be his next and last appearance in the city before Election Day. The occasion is to be a dinner given to Chairman Hill of the Republican National Committee by the Republican League of Clubs. The place for the dinner has not yet been selected. Old times will be discussed and the present campaign will be talked about. It will be a sentimental rather than a political gathering, a sort of What-Might-Have-Been night.

The special Sulzer train left this

morning for the up-State trip of the Democratic candidate for Governor. Congressman Sulzer is loaded for the voters and the voters up the State are waiting for him with open arms. He has mapped out a very busy campaign for the rest of the time allowed him between this and Election Day. Mr. Sulzer made his first stop this morning at Tarrytown. All day long he speaks from the rear end of the train and to-night he speaks in the biggest hall in Troy. When he retires to rest to-night he will have made twenty speeches. He had eighteen scheduled for to-morrow.

Clinton Peters, portrait painter, is a Bull Moose. Mr. Peters wears the horns in his lapel. The Moose goes wherever he goes. He went to Tammany Hall on Wednesday night. He had missed an engagement with a friend to attend the ratification of Sulzer and the State ticket. The place was jammed and Artist Peters wedged his way through the jam.

"Don't you think Sulzer is a good man?" asked a Tammy brave. "Sure," responded the artist, wondering what he was driving at. He went into the gallery and back again into the corridor and didn't find his friend. Three times more he was asked if he didn't think Sulzer was a good man. Sulzer was on the platform. Finally, as he neared the door a stalwart brave asked him for a match. "Don't you think Sulzer is a good man?" queried the brave, lighting up. "Sure, he's a good man," returned Mr. Peters.

"Don't you think—puff—he's a puff-damn—puff—good man?" He looked at his interlocutor, then at his lapel in

which a Sulzer button gleamed. The eyes of the brave were glued on the artist's Bull Moose. "Good night," said Peters. When he got on the sidewalk he remarked: "And I think I'm a good man to get out of there alive."

John M. Harlan and J. Adam Bede have retired from public life as Truth Tellers. These gentlemen were sent out by the Taft people to follow Col. Roosevelt up the stump and get the Colonel's goat. They travelled behind the Bull Moose. Their mission in life was to deny what Roosevelt said in his speeches, to "tell the truth about it." On the night the Colonel was shot they went right ahead telling the truth and when they got all through learned of the attempted assassination. Some people have been unkind enough to say that they knew all about it before. Both have been busy ever since doing some denying on their own part. The hardest nut they have had to crack has been the repeated request of them to deny that the Colonel was shot. Messrs. Harlan and Bede have retired from the campaign and their friends say that never again will they "tell the truth."

**REGISTER TO-DAY.**  
To-day and Saturday are the last days of registration. If you do not register you cannot vote. Registration booths will open at 7 A. M. and close at 10 P. M.

**Taft to See Taft Movies.**  
BEVERLY, Mass., Oct. 18.—President Taft got back to Beverly yesterday after an absence of almost two weeks. The summer White House will be closed Nov. 1. The President will go to Cincinnati.

Mr. Taft Monday night will attend a private performance at a local moving picture theatre to see pictures taken of him and Mrs. Taft the day they arrived in Beverly last July.

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of Rough Fabrics, in navy and black, also  
Mixtures, with fur collar of Mole, Coney and  
French Seal, sizes from 14 to 20 years, at 24.75  
Actual Value \$35.00

Suits, of Cheviots, in navy, black and brown,  
strictly plain tailored, lined with heavy satin  
and interlined, in Junior and Misses' sizes, at 12.50  
Actual Value \$21.00

of Imported Broadcloth, in all desirable street shades,  
in plain and demi-tailored models, warmly  
interlined, sizes 14 to 18 years, Actual Value \$35.00, 22.50

Misses' Dresses, of English Plain and Two-toned  
Velvet, Corduroy and Velveteen, in the latest colorings,  
entirely new model, waist silk lined, 14 to 18 yrs, at 18.50  
Actual Value \$29.75

Girls' Sailor and Waist Dresses

in new effects for practical and dressy wear, of fine quality serge, in  
light and dark colors, plaids, eponges, corduroy and charmeuse,  
in sizes from 6 to 14 years, at \$4.25, 7.75, 12.50 and 18.50  
Actual Values from \$8.50 to 29.75

Girls' Coats,

including Norfolk and Belted Models, for School and Dress Wear, of  
Cheviots, Mixtures, Chinchillas, Zibelins, Plain and Two-toned  
Corduroys, in sizes from 6 to 16 years, at \$5.50, 8.75, 14.50 and 19.75  
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in prevailing colors.  
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Broadcloth, Boucle, Cor- 15.00 to 35.00  
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Mixtures, Whipcord Velvet 5.90 to 9.75  
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5 to 18 years. Values to \$15.00. Special 7.95  
and 9.95

Boys' Norfolk, Double-Breasted and Fancy  
Patch Pocket Suits. New all wool fabrics,  
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imported model in rough mixtures. New  
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